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Hymns of Joy ~ ~

AND

~ ~ Songs of Faith





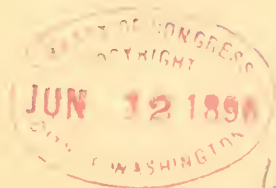
HYMNS OF JOY

AND

SONGS OF FAITH.

BY

MRS. ALMIRA L. ALLEN.



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HYMNS OF JOY.

Consecration.

CONSECRATED Lord to thee,
Thou art everything to me ;
I would walk the narrow way,
All thy precepts to obey.

Walking in the light of God,
By thy precious Holy Word ;
Source of love and light, divine,
On my pathway, ever shine.

Consecrated, life and soul,
Talents, all at Thy control ;
I would have no truer bliss,
Than to live, the world to bless.

While I sacrifice for Thee,
Thou art all in all to me ;
More than pleasure, wealth or friends,
Is the joy my life attends.

What I've given, Lord, to Thee,
Thou hast given more to me ;
Crowned my life with length of days,
Kept my feet in wisdom's ways.

Take me Lord, for Thou alone
Hast the right my life to own ;
Saved in Jesus Christ, my Lord,
An heir of heaven bought with blood.

Loyal I would ever prove,
Waiting Thy command in love ;
In quick response my heart to say,
I am ready to obey.

Lord's Prayer.

WOULD call Thee Heavenly, Father,
For heaven's Thy dwelling place ;
But in every place we seek Thee,
Thou wilt not hide Thy face.

Thy name, O Thou Most Holy,
We would revere and love ;
Thy hallowed presence with us,
Be like to that above.

And may Thy kingdom holy,
As now in heaven above ;
Come with its heavenly blessings,
And every wrong remove.

It is from Thee we seek,
Our every needed good :
Do not withhold from us,
Supplies of daily food.

O Lord, wilt Thou forgive us,
As others we forgive ;
And in a Christ-like spirit,
With others seek to live.

Amid the world's temptations,
Surrounded as we go,
May Thy Holy Spirit lead us,
To shun each dangerous foe.

Be Thou our great deliverer,
In every evil hour ;
Deliver, keep and save us
From every wicked power.

Thou art the mighty author
Of everything we see ;
The kingdom, power and glory,
Alike belong to Thee.

We would say, Amen, O Lord,
And unto Thee be given,
Majesty, power, and glory,
In earth and heaven.

Birth of Christ.

LUKE II.

SWEETLY sound the notes of gladness,
Borne by angels from the skies ;
Messages of peace proclaiming,
Telling where the Infant lies.

Jesus Christ, the babe of Bethlehem !
Holy angels, at His birth,
Came to bring the heavenly message :
“ Lord of glory comes to earth ! ”

Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem,
See, mid-heaven, the glory bright ;
Angels tell the wondrous story,
While they watch their flocks by night,
Of the babe laid in the manger.
In the inn there was no room
For the little seraph stranger,
Lowly was His earth-born doom.

Low the voices, sweet from heaven,
Sounding on the nightly air.
“ Peace they bring for earth-born millions,”
Is the glorious news they bear.

On the scene, in solemn grandeur,
Multitudes from heaven appear,
Singing : “ Glory, in the highest ! ”
Suddenly they disappear.

“ Unto you is born a Savior !
In the city of the King,
Christ is born—the world’s Redeemer ”—
Is the raptured song they sing.

Shepherds hasten quick to Bethlehem,
Telling of the wondrous scene —
Of the strange and nightly vision,
Which their wondering eyes had seen.

On the pages penned by prophets,
Child of promise long foretold,
He should come and bring salvation
To a lost and guilty world.

He has come, the world's Redeemer,
Brought salvation full and free.
Listen to the glorious message,
Sounding forth from Calvary.

Resurrection of Christ.

LUKE XXVIII.

THE disciples of Jesus,
At early dawn,
Sought the tomb of Joseph
Before the morn ;
Where they tenderly laid
Their loved Master to rest,
In the tomb of Joseph,
With aching breast.

The women, with spices
So precious and rare,
Were first at the sepulchre,
But found Him not there.
In haste they were seeking
The place where He laid,
But the angels were there
And made them afraid.

The angels had rolled
The stone away,
Though carefully guarded —
The place where He lay.
They said : “ He is risen !
But — come and see —
He goeth before you
Into Galilee.

“ I know you seek Jesus,
Who was crucified,
And on the cross
For sinners died ;
But tell His disciples
He lives again —
The crucified Savior,
Who was wounded and slain.”

Mary came to the sepulchre
And found He was gone ;
She said to the gardener ;
“ Him, where have you borne ? ”
Jesus said, “ Mary — ”
She knew His loved voice ;
“ Rabboni,” she said,
And was made to rejoice.

“ Go quickly, and tell
My disciples I live,
I am risen indeed,
Salvation to give ;

Go tell of my gospel
The wide world around ;
Salvation is purchased,
Redemption is found.”

The Blood of Jesus.

O PRECIOUS blood of Jesus !
It was shed for thee,
That gives full atonement
For you and me.

That gives peace, and pardon,
And life to the soul,
That saves us poor sinners,
And makes us whole.

It gives divine healing
And life within
To souls who are mourning
And wounded by sin.

O precious blood of Jesus !
That flowed so free ;
Trust Him for full pardon —
It is for thee.

Hasten to receive it,
Purchased for thee ;
O believe and receive it —
Take it free !

Without money, without price,
Jesus made it so ;
'Twas His blood that bought it,
The crimson flow.

No other remedy for sin
And guilt is made ;
The remedy for sin
On Him was laid.

O precious blood of Jesus !
It was the crimson flow
That washes poor sinners
Whiter than snow.

O love that brought my Lord
From heaven to die
Upon the cruel cross,
To bring us nigh.

Set Apart for Jesus.

SET apart for Jesus,
For the Master serving,
Though the way be rough and steep ;
Faithfully enduring.
In the heat of summer,
In the winter's cold,
Somewhere in His vineyard,
A humble place to hold.

Set apart for Jesus,
Not for self and sin,
Not for selfish pleasure,
But souls for Him to win —
Win them for the Master,
Who has died to save
Them from death eternal,
Immortal life to give.

Set apart for Jesus,
Co-workers with the Lord,
For His work prepared,
Washed in Jesus' blood —
Ministers of mercy,
Loyal, faithful, true,
Faithfully pursuing
All the journey through.

Set apart for Jesus,
For his service willing,
Only life desiring,
Just to do His bidding —
Working in His vineyard,
Leaving all to Him ;
When the reaping-time comes
We shall gather in.

Set apart for Jesus,
Till the opening way
Ope the pearly portals,
Through to endless day ;

'Through to endless glory
'Mid the heavenly throng,
Then to join the concert
In an endless song

Of praises to our Savior,
For mercy rich and free,
Who purchased full redemption
Upon Mount Calvary ;
And while eternal ages
Shall onward, onward roll,
We shall praise our Savior,
Who has made us whole.

Rejoicing in God.

HABAKUK III: 17.

ALTHOUGH the fig tree bears no fruit,
Her blossoms may decay,
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice,
His promises my stay.

The labor of the olive fail,
Which brings returns of good,
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice
And trust for daily food.

The vines with their rich clusters
Of fruit, may be destroyed,

Yet in the Lord will I rejoice,
In nothing be annoyed.

The fields may all be barren
And crispy and gray,
Yet in the Lord will I rejoice,
In His promises away.

The flocks for want of sustenance
May die within the fold,
Yet in the Lord will I rejoice —
No good will He withhold.

Captive Jews in Babylon.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BESIDE the river's cooling streams,
E're yet the sunlight's faded beams,
Had ceased to cast its mellow light,
Or darkness shroud the hills with night,

Judea's captives sat to moan,
To think of far-off friends and home ;
And dearer far than life to them,
Was that blest name, Jerusalem.

They wished if ever they forgot
That sweetest name and sacred spot,
Their right hand, dearest of the two,
Be rendered powerless to do.

These captive Jews were wont to stray
Where willows bend, in mournful lay,
Fit emblem of the heart within ;
They hung their harps, they could not sing.

The songs of Zion, once so dear,
Once so melodious to the ear,
Now fail to meet the heart's desire,
Or wake the soul to tuneful lyre.

In bondage to a foreign king,
How could they then of victory sing,
As when in favor with their God,
The mighty host of Israel stood !

No worship of their fathers' God,
No one to teach His Holy Word,
No altars where fresh incense rise,
No holy evening sacrifice.

Their tasks were done, and ere they slept
They sought the river's brink and wept.
Their reveries and fancied dreams
Brought back those days and hallowed scenes.

They thought of Jordan as it rolled
Along its banks where once they strolled,
Of scenes of pleasure and of mirth —
The dearest spot in all the earth.

The tears, unbidden, flow again ;
From weeping they could not refrain ;
Those brightest, halcyon days of yore
Were gone, to be returned no more.

The hosts of Israel, once so blessed,
The land of Canaan they possessed,
Forgot their God and turned away —
Are wanderers in the earth to-day.

O Babylon ! thy once proud name
Is blotted from the book of fame ;
And so in turn shall be destroyed,
Those who in pride forget their God.

O thou my soul ! forget not Him,
Who all thy life a friend has been,
Whose love and care were ne'er denied —
When close to Him we are allied.

Zion's Captivity.

PSALM CXXVI.

WITH songs of joy
We shall sing,
When God shall again
Zion bring.
And her captivity
God shall turn
When true repentance
She shall learn.

If we sow in tears,
We'll reap in joy,
With loudest songs
Our tongues employ

When we go forth
To weep and pray ;
God's blessing shall
Attend our way.

And the good seed
Which has been strewn
Shall reap alike
To that we've sown.
So if we're faithful
In the sowing,
There will surely be
A time of reaping.

The streams of salvation
In the desert flow,
And repenting sinners
To God shall bow ;
The angels in heaven
Shall join the song
Of returning sinners
Coming home.

New Song of David.

PSALM XL.

○ LORD our father's God !
Hear thou my cry !
Incline 'Thine ear to me !
Come very nigh !

My soul is sunken down
In miry clay,
The depths which sin has made —
O hear me pray !

My soul has waited patiently,
O Lord, for Thee ;
Unmerited love and grace
Have set me free.

My feet are lifted up,
I stand secure
Upon the solid rock
That will endure.

The song is near to me,
Now I can sing ;
Salvation full and free,
By Christ, our King.

Ages have rolled around,
And many more
Have learned this song to sing —
Christ to adore.

O Lord, how very wonderful
Thy works to me ;
May many others learn to fear
And trust in Thee.

Shining for Jesus.

ARE you shining for Jesus,
Dear friend, to-day,
Shining just now,
And shining alway ;
In sunlight or shadow,
In quiet or storm,
To guide the poor mariner
Whose hope is forlorn?

Are you shining for Jesus,
For those who grope
In the darkness of night,
Without any hope?
Is there light in your pathway —
O what do you say?
Are you leading poor sinners
The bright shining way?

Are you shining for Jesus,
The sinner's dear friend,
So the light that shines from you
Some brightness may lend?
Is your light ever gleaming
That others may see
Light in the sunbeams
That are beaming from thee?

The glowworm is tiny,
But shines in the dark ;

So in the dense darkness
It gives a bright spark ;
So light that keeps shining
Will cheer someone's way —
It cannot be losing,
If we make no delay.
The light that is shining
From God is divine.
So reflecting this light
'Twill make our lives sublime ;
So if we shine for Jesus,
A holy light we shed,
And some poor wanderer
To Jesus may be led.
If we go in Jesus' name,
And acts of pity show,
We do it unto Him,
For He has told us so ;
If we make the path of sorrow
More easy to be borne,
He'll make our path more joyful —
His blessing in return.
Are you shining for Jesus,
Dear Christian friend?
Do the rays pierce the darkness
Some brightness to lend?
For earth's darkest shadows
Settle with gloom
On the fairest and brightest,
Ere yet it is noon.

Are you shining for Jesus,
Shining everywhere?
Is the radiance blended
With love shining there?
Love is mighty to conquer
The mightiest foe —
O then keep reflecting,
The light as you go !

Is the light from Jesus
When you first found Him?
Is it burning brightly,
Or does it burn dim?
Are you shining for Jesus?
Do Love's bright rays entwine
Hearts with fondest affection,
To follow Christ, the Divine?

If we shine for Jesus,
And work for Him assume,
Our path will be brighter
And other paths illumine.
Then let us work with gladness
This dark world to bless,
And while we are blessing others,
Ours be none the less.

Then come work in the vineyard,
O hasten and come !
Don't let any be idle,
There is plenty of room.

Our lamps to be burning ;
Don't let them grow dim,
But waiting and shining,
Darkened souls to win.

There is light in the shadows,
There is light for thee,
Till the lengthening shadows
Shall cease to be.
Our life may be done,
Wearied and gone ;
But light, thus reflected,
Will still shine on.

Trusting in Jesus.

TRUSTING in Jesus,
O happy release.
From sin He frees us,
And gives us sweet peace.
O happy condition,
For sinners oppressed,
To know He can pardon
And give conscience rest.

His voice we may hear,
Saying : “ Come unto me,
Forsaking your sins —
O come and be free.”

Then come to the Savior,
He is waiting for thee,
His arms are extended —
O do not delay.

Don't wait any longer,
Life's not very long,
And soon at the longest
Probation is gone.
Boast not of to-morrow —
It never may come —
For short is the passage
That leads to the tomb.

O haste to the Savior !
He waits to receive ;
Delay not, delay not —
Come now and believe.
O hear His kind voice !
It sounds in your ear,
For still He is calling —
O listen and hear !

A Glorious Reign Foretold.

PSALM LXII.

THY name shall extend from sea to sea,
And all the nations shall learn of Thee.

The earth shall learn to know and fear the Lord
By sending forth to them His Holy Word.

The Lord shall break in pieces the oppressor,
And show mercy to all who seek out the poor.

All kings of the earth shall bow down before
Him,
And all nations of the earth shall serve Him.

The needy, when he crieth, will He deliver,
And the poor and him that hath no helper.

His name shall be continued as long as the
sun —
The righteous shall endure as long as the moon.

A handful of corn on the mountain top,
And a mighty increase shall it develop.

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon,
And in His day His people shall be one.

The nations of the earth shall call Him blessed,
And through Him the world shall be redeemed.

Blessed be the God of Israel, the only God,
And blessed be His holy, holy Word ;

And blessed be His Holy Name forever,
The mighty God Jehovah — Jirah.

Let the whole earth be filled with His glory,
Amen and amen, glory, glory, glory !

Cleansing Blood.

WASH me thoroughly from my sin,
Make my heart all pure within ;
Make my life in Thee complete,
For the Master's use made meet.

Make my life a life for Thee —
Pure, unsullied — may it be,
'Mid the world-alluring gaze —
Keep my feet in wisdom's ways.

Purge my soul with hyssop clean,
Wash me in the cleansing stream
Which for sin and guilt does flow —
Wash my heart whiter than snow.

Then will gladness fill my soul,
When Thy grace has made me whole ;
Joy in Thee shall make me strong,
And my heart be filled with song.

Fill my soul with sweetest peace,
And my strength in Thee increase ;
While my soul is hid in Thee,
Thou wilt faithful be to me.

In my Lord I would abide,
In the secret presence hide
From foes without and foes within —
Sweetest victory I shall win.

Where'er I roam, where'er I rove,
My lips shall tell of wondrous love,
Of God's dear Son who came to save,
And for our souls His life He gave.

God knowest Best.

THOU, O Lord, knowest what is best —
 Oft' to bring severest tests,
In me Thy pleasure to fulfil,
While I say : " Lord, not my will " —
Finding all my rest in Thee —
Trusting when I cannot see,
Laying passive in Thy hand
When I cannot understand.
 Prince of Peace,
 Mighty Savior,
The same to-day
And forever !

I can only see the way
As I need it day by day,
Knowing Thou my way canst see ;
I can leave it all to Thee —
Leave it, though the path be drear ;
Trusting Thee, I need not fear.
All the journey I'll pursue
With my heavenly home in view.

Prince of Peace,
Mighty Savior,
The same to-day
And forever !

When I meet Thee, my dear Savior,
In the beautiful forever —
In that land without a sigh,
Where tears are wiped from every eye —
Then Thy praises we shall sing,
All our homage to Thee bring ;
We'll sing of victory complete
And cast our crowns at Thy dear feet.

Prince of Peace,
Mighty Savior,
The same to-day
And forever !

The Works of God.

PSALM XIX.

THE firmament spread out to view
Is centuries old, yet always new.
It stretches to our farthest sight
Since God first said let there be light.
The ruling of the rolling spheres
In all God's handiwork appears.
Behold, His wisdom, power and might,
As day in turn succeeds the night !

The daily circling of the sun
Its going forth its course to run ;
And, like a strong man for a race,
Covers a broad, expansive space.
Their line is gone through all the earth —
None but a God could give it birth ;
And in the broad, expansive dome,
He set a circuit for the sun.

The laws of God are over all
His works on this terrestrial ball —
The sun by day to give us light
The coursing stars that shine by night.
These silent voices of the night
Proclaim a God of wondrous might,
And in their orbits' shining way
God's ruling course they each obey.

The spreading sky, spangled with gold,
Each curtained night their gems unfold
As rolling years their course pursue —
There no decay, but ever new,
Their orbs and planets mark the year,
As they roll round within their sphere,
In all God's works and wondrous plan,
This beauteous earth was made for man.

Awake, my soul ! Thy praise be given
To Him, who made both earth and heaven ;
To Him thy willing service give.
In Him, and through Him, all things live,

His love and goodness each surpass,
And all the wonders of His grace —
His love to give His only Son
Exceeds the greatness of this dome.

A Hiding-Place.

WITHOUT my God, how can I sing?
From Him my every joy doth spring.
He lighteth up my darkest night,
A shadowy vale from scorching light.

He soothes my soul to soft repose,
He all my needs and wishes knows,
While I in confidence may lean
On Him, my God, though still unseen.

When round me darkest clouds may lower,
And overhead the thunders roar,
And lightning flash along the sky,
He is with me still, He is ever nigh.

If in my soul I trust His grace,
He'll be to me a hiding-place —
A covert from the stormy blast,
Till blighting winds are overpast.

He bids me never fear the ill,
But trust His grace and promise still,
His oath and promises are sure ;
Believe and trust, and feel secure.

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
Since Christ can bid the storm be still ;
Above the raging of the sea,
His voice to hear : " Follow thou me."

The Man Who fears God.

PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who will not stray,
But ever keeps the narrow way ;
He seeks no company to gain,
Nor in the scorner's path remains.

He meditates by day and night,
God's law is ever his delight,
While by its precepts he shall live —
The richest blessings God will give.

This life will bring the richer fruit,
If godliness is our pursuit ;
We shall be like the planted tree,
Whose roots are moist continually.

Close by the river's brink to grow,
Where cooling waters gently flow,
No withered leaf shall there be seen,
Whose verdure shall be ever green.

While he shall seek to honor God,
Prosperity is his reward ;
On all he does God's blessing rests,
With every blessing shall be blessed.

Not so, the wicked find this life
A life of bitterness and strife ;
No sure prosperity awaits,
Nor happiness within their gates.

He cannot in the judgment stand —
He did not follow God's command ;
He sought the path with sinners here,
God's Holy law did not revere.

God loves the man who walks upright,
In all his acts pursues the right ;
God's faithfulness to him shall prove
His promise sure, His constant love.

A Friend in Jesus.

THOUGH our summer skies may brighten,
And our hearts with solace fill,
Earth may lend her sweet enchantments,
But the wintry winds will chill.

Morning bright and peaceful sunshine
May grow dark and clouds may lower,
Shutting from our view the morning's
Beautiful and happy hour.

So life's bright and happy morning
May grow dark ere yet 'tis noon,
And the frost may sear the verdure,
Nip the bud before the bloom.

In our life's uncertain pathway
Hope may gild our morning skies,
And the flowers may lend their fragrance
Ere the blooming floweret dies.

When the darkness gathers o'er us,
We shall want some precious friend,
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Savior —
His is love that knows no end.

He will smooth for you life's pathway,
While you learn to trust in Him;
You will find your sorrows lighten,
And a shining light within.

Jesus, precious, precious shelter,
Light to cheer our darkened way,
Hope that's to the soul assuring —
Firm, immutable, enduring.

Jesus is the soul's foundation,
Fixed as the eternal throne,
Guide that leads the soul to heaven
Where the clouds are all unknown.

Go Tell the World of Jesus.

GO tell the world of Jesus,
Go tell of His love
That brought Him to our earth
From heaven above.

Go tell the world of Jesus —
How He died to save,
And rose victorious
Over the grave.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
That sacred name,
Who bore our heavy load
Of guilt and shame.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
His power to save —
If we believe on Him,
New life shall have.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Who brought salvation nigh,
Who came to our earth
To groan and die.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
He loved our ruined race ;
To save us from punishment
He took our place.

Go tell the world of Jesus —
How freely He gives
Him rest and pardon,
Who on Him believes.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Go sing His praise,
In our acts acknowledge Him
In all our ways.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
They may not believe ;
All who will come to Him
He will receive.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
That all may hear
Of His great salvation
That costs so dear.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
The sinner's best friend —
Don't stay away from Him —
His love has no end.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
He is waiting now —
Don't wait any longer —
Before Him bow.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Before it is too late,
And sinners are left to perish
Without the gate.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Our merciful High Priest,
Who has made full atonement,
And spread the feast.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
For many have come
To the feast prepared ;
And yet there is room.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
There is rest for all,
Free and full salvation
For all who call.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Of the dreadful doom
That awaits every sinner
Who does not come.

Go tell the world of Jesus —
Don't miss of heaven —
Come, bow at the mercy seat
And be forgiven.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
The world's only bright hope ;
Without the light of Jesus
In darkness we grope.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
A strong foundation sure,
On which to build our hopes
Firm and secure.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
Before probation's gone,
The day of mercy ended,
And they shall mourn.

Go tell the world of Jesus,
For surely it must come —
The day of great decision,
The day of doom.

Safety of the Righteous.

PSALM XCI.

THE Lord is the protector of His people,
Keeping them from fear of evil,

If in the secret place we hide,
Beneath His shadow still abide.

The Lord a refuge sure will be,
While trusting Him continually.

The fowler's snare he will escape,
Nor meet the doom that such await.

The Lord a faithful God will be ;
His spreading wings shall cover thee.

His truth a shield upon thy breast,
No enemy shall thee molest.

No terror need to make us fear
While our dear Lord is ever near.

The pestilence, with blighting breath,
That walks in darkness bringing death,

Nor noonday, with its scorching rays
That brings destruction and disease,

Shall harm the righteous while in God
He trusts the promise of His word.

In God the righteous are secure
Who trusts His oath and promise sure.

He shall guide His people continually,
And give His angels charge over thee.

In their hands they shall bear thee up,
Lest thy foot should make a fatal step.

And satisfy His people with long probation,
And bless and show them His salvation.

God's Loving Kindness.

GREAT source of light and joy,
My lips with songs employ,
To tell of all Thy wondrous grace,
Of mercies new and numberless.

Great source of every needed good,
Thou dost supply my daily food ;
Thy love and power are infinite —
Such blessings I can ne'er requite.

Such proofs of love and constant care,
In which I daily, hourly share,
Call forth new songs in joyous lays
To sing my great Redeemer's praise.

The barren desert I may tread,
Yet still Thou dost my table spread —
Streams in the desert bubbling up ;
With cooling draughts they fill my cup.

With richest dainties I am fed,
With manna and with living bread ;
My thirsty soul no want shall know,
Since 'Thou canst every need bestow.

My way unseen, yet I can trace
Thy goodness and Thy faithfulness ;
Thus I in confidence can bring,
My all a willing offering.

Through treacherous paths my way may be ;
If thou dost lead, I'll follow Thee.
I safe shall reach the other shore,
Where unseen dangers all are o'er.

Communion with God.

PSALM LXXXIV.

||N Thy temple I would bide,
In Thy secret presence hide
From the world's alluring snare,
Where my God doth answer prayer.

Within Thy temple gates O Lord
My feet shall love to dwell,
And Thy rich messages of love
With joy my bosom swell.

The soul by sin oppressed,
And guilt a heavy load,
May find sweet joy and rest
From God's own Holy word.

The soul with sorrows filled,
 May learn His grace to bind
Upon the heart and soul,
 And lasting comfort find.

The tribes of Israel sought
 The place of His abode.
Where the Shekinah dwelt,
 And God His mercy showed.

Far from all wordly strife
 A union sought with God,
Of higher hopes and higher aims
 And richer gifts bestowed.

We'll tread with willing feet
 Thine earthly temples, where
Thy Holy Spirit comes to bless,
 And God is sought in prayer.

O may Thy Holy Spirit shed
 His Holy, quickening rays,
And beams of love divine,
 To lead in wisdom's ways.

Teach us to trust in God
 For gifts so rich and free,
And on our souls to shed
 His grace abundantly.

His Mercy Endureth Forever.

PSALM CXXXVI.

HIS mercy endureth forever ;
And man the great receiver ;
His mercies new every day,
And will be alway.

His mercy endureth forever ;
Will his mercies cease ever ?
Ever will His children share
Loving, faithful care.

His mercy endureth forever,
And God our loving Father ;
He will never cease to give
Blessings while we live.

His mercy endureth forever —
Israel's great Lawgiver.
If by His law we live,
Richest blessings He will give.

His mercy endureth forever,
Flowing like the mighty river —
His mercy to you and me
Boundless as the sea.

His mercy endureth forever.
He is able to deliver.
His people, when they cry —
He is always nigh.

His mercy endureth forever ;
Nothing will ever sever
My dear Lord from me,
While I walk carefully.

His mercy endureth forever
To every believer,
Who rests his faith on Him,
Nothing doubting.

His mercy endureth forever.
Mightier and stronger
Than earthly helpers give,
If in Him we live.

His mercy endureth forever.
Christ, our elder Brother,
Was sacrificed on Calvary,
For you and me.

His mercy endureth forever.
O give ear to my prayer !
Teach me to do Thy will,
In me fulfill.

His mercy endureth forever.
Israel's great Protector !
He put their enemies to flight
While they walked upright.

His mercy endureth forever.
God, Jehovah, Jireh !
His promise is forever sure.
Trust Him, and feel secure.

His mercy endureth forever.
Will God, the mighty giver,
Ever refuse us our need
While in Jesus we plead?

Jesus, the Crucified.

JESUS, my way in life !
He all my steps shall guide.
His loving hand to lead —
Jesus, the Crucified.

With Jesus ever near,
I shall be satisfied,
To walk the path with Him,
Jesus, the Crucified.

The dangerous paths we tread,
Our feet may sometimes slide —
Safe while I take His hand —
Jesus, the Crucified.

In life's uncertain way,
If close to Him allied,
His strength my strength shall be —
Jesus, the Crucified.

I may in Him rejoice,
If in Him I abide,
Daily to hear His voice —
Jesus, the Crucified.

I am in my Savior resting.
May I also in Him hide?
O be to me a shelter —
Jesus, the Crucified.

He'll keep with constant care
My every want supplied,
While on Him I may lean —
Jesus, the Crucified.

To those who come to Him,
His love is ne'er denied ;
But faithful to the end —
Jesus, the Crucified.

O Jesus keep me near
Thy wounded, bleeding side,
That I may cleansing have —
Jesus, the Crucified.

In every hour of life
To feel the blood applied,
To wash my sins away —
Jesus, the Crucified.

Jesus, the friend I need
More than all else beside,
A never-failing friend —
Jesus, the Crucified.

May all the angry elements
Hushed in peace subside,
By faith that holds on Him—
Jesus, the Crucified.

Rest in Jesus.

SAVED from sin's seducing power,
Sweetly resting hour by hour,
Faith in Christ's atoning blood,
Naught such rest and peace afford.
With a present Savior near,
Tranquilizing every fear,
While without the storms increase,
Jesus' word in me brings peace.

Ransomed from
The power of sin,
Perfect rest
And peace within.

Sweet, in over-burdening cares,
To have a friend who with us shares.
Jesus, the friend Who knoweth best,
Says: "Come to Me — I'll give you rest,"
When by sin and guilt oppressed.
The burdened sinner sighs for rest;
Resting in Jesus' sure retreat,
Is found secure at Jesus' feet.

Ransomed from
The power of sin,
Perfect rest
And peace within.

While in Jesus, I may hide
Near Thy precious, bleeding side.
It brings a happy, tranquil rest,

That will afford a sweeter rest —
Peaceful, peaceful, sacred rest
While thus I lean on Jesus breast,
Believing Jesus, feel secure —
His oath and promises are sure.

Ransomed from
The power of sin,
Perfect rest
And peace within.

The Morning Light.

THERE dawns a glad bright morning,
Far away o'er the Eastern sky;
The sun of God's love is shining,
And gladdens our wishful eye.
It is lifting oppression and sadness
From many a wearisome soul,
Who is hailing the dawn with gladness
In its glorious onward roll.

A people long sitting in darkness,
No heavenly light shines within,
With dark, ghostly spectacles surrounded,
No glorious light to shine in.
Through ages of darkness appalling,
No light on their pathway has shined;
But darkness and blind superstition
Upon them strong fetters did bind.

The weak ones in servitude bending,
No opening of light through the gloom,
No dawn of a brighter to-morrow
Lights even their path to the tomb ;
But love that's begotten of Jesus
Has awakened responses of love,
And many of God's dearest servants
With deep yearning hearts it has moved.

They are hearing the call for helpers
From those born in dark, heathen lands,
And quickly responses are giving,
They are joining God's helping hand.
They are those who have God's open Bible,
And have learned of a Savior's love,
And know the way of salvation
That leads to the mansions above.

O haste with the light, they are calling—
They've caught but a glimpse of the way !
O haste with the message of gladness—
'Twill open a more blessed day.
O haste ye, the heralds of mercy—
They are waiting far, far o'er the sea.
The nations, with mystical blindness,
Are only beginning to see.

The light that is shining from Jesus
Is breaking the thralldom of sin ;
It is lifting the bonds and strong fetters,
And making their glad hearts to sing.

O beautiful dawn of the morning,
That breaks on our Eastern sky,
With blessings and sunbeams that scatter
The clouds and the mists from the eye.

O beautiful dawn of the gospel !
Its radiance is lifting the gloom
Of darkness and blind superstition,
And making the desert to bloom.
It opens a light through the darkness,
Dispelling the gloom of the soul,
While vague and meaningless phantoms
Have lost their strange power to control.

May the glorious gospel of blessing
Go forth, in its power and might,
To conquer misrule and oppression,
And raise the proud banner of Right.
Nor selfish ambition be loudest
In sounding an illustrious name,
Nor gaining a high-sounding title
To stand on the proud roll of fame.

But quietly telling of Jesus,
Who died on the cross to save,
Love being the greatest ambition
That God's dearest servants can have.
All glory, and honor, and blessing,
Be unto the Lamb that was slain ;
With loud Hallelujahs to Jesus,
Be sung o'er the earth's domain.

Satisfaction in Jesus.

IF we have learned to know the Lord,
Earth cannot fill the aching void
That daily sighs for rest ;
With Jesus we are satisfied,
In Him is every need supplied,
With Jesus we are blest.

We pant for streams that have their rise
In fountains far beyond the skies,
Where living waters flow ;
With manna and with living bread,
And into Christ our living head,
In love and grace to grow.

The sordid treasures earth can give
Have naught on which the soul can live
To give a full supply ;
But treasures of a heavenly birth,
Of solid and enduring worth,
Alone can satisfy.

Our earthly pleasures fade away,
They give us peace but for a day,
They leave a sting behind ;
We trust our friends — they soon are gone —
And every hope we rest upon
Is fleeting as the wind.

If our hearts are fixed on Jesus,
From every sin he frees us,
And in Him we have peace —

Peace like the rolling river,
And nothing can us sever,
But ever to increase.

The Glory Due Unto the Lord.

PSALM XCVI.

O SING unto the Lord a new song,
For unto Him glory and honor belong.
Let the fear of the Lord be with us alway,
Show forth His salvation day by day ;
Declare His glory among the heathen —
His wondrous works beneath the heavens.

The nations know not the true God,
Neither know what saith His Holy word.
The Lord our God, we ought to fear
And all the world His name revere.
Worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness,
And tell of all His loving kindness.

Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary,
And before Him are honor and majesty.
Come into His courts with thanksgiving,
And of His glory and salvation sing ;
Come into His sanctuary, and bring
Thy willing service for an offering.

Unto the Lord due glory give,
And in His promises believe.
He'll be our strength if we abide

And in His love and grace confide.
Let the field be joyful and all therein,
And the earth abound with thanksgiving.
'Twas God the Lord Who all things made,
Let the heavens rejoice and earth be glad.
He shall judge the world in righteousness
And the people be filled with gladness,
For the Lord cometh to judge the earth —
To judge the earth in righteousness and truth.

Work in God's Vineyard.

WHEN we see the King in His beauty,
All glorious to behold;
O bring a gem for a diadem,
A gem of shining gold.

We'll find where earth's dark shadows
Have cast their gloomy night —
Gems of unfading beauty —
When brought forth to the light.

Away in the dark recesses,
Half hidden from our sight,
May find the richest and rarest,
For labor will requite.

Down deep in the dark researches,
Are diamonds, rich and rare,
And the honest, loving toiler
Will find them hidden there.

The Master is calling for toilers
Who are not afraid of grim,
Who will don their beautiful garments,
Some precious souls to win.

In the haunts of sin and folly,
In many a dark abode,
May be jewels of richest lustre
To shine in the palace of God.

Has not the Master's toilers,
Who will go forth for Him
To work in the cold, dark meshes,
Loving souls for Him to win?

May we hear the glad responses
Awakened from many a heart :
" I will toil in the Master's vineyard,
I will share a humble part.

O think of the many mansions
Which Jesus is to prepare
For those who work in His vineyard !
Crowns of glory they shall wear.

Jesus, The Shepherd.

THE sheep without a shepherd
Will scatter far and wide,
They know no voice of strangers,
The call at eventide.

The shepherd, watchful leading
To pastures ever green —
If foes around are lurking,
His eye beholds the scene.

The weary ones are laying —
Upon the Shepherd's breast,
While flocks around are straying,
He gently gives them rest.

They learn to trust the Shepherd
And know His daily call,
And ever, when His voice is heard
They follow, one and all.

Within the safe inclosure,
In innocence they lie,
Secure from all exposure,
And feel no danger nigh.

So Jesus, our good Shepherd,
While near Him we abide,
From every foe He'll keep us —
Our feet shall never slide.

Great Shepherd, through Life's journey
Thy succor to us lend ;
Let none Thy sheep stray from Thee,
But keep them to the end.

Through Life's meandering way,
It may be rough and steep ;

Help Thy dear ones to trust Thee,
Great Shepherd of Thy sheep.

Of Jesus, the Good Shepherd,
My soul shall ever sing ;
To Jesus, the dear Savior,
May we some wanderer bring —

Some precious, shining jewel,
To deck His diadem —
Loving, true and faithful,
A brilliant, shining gem.

God's Omnipresence.

PSALM CXXXVII.

O THOU who fillest
Infinite space,
In all that we see
Thy presence we trace ;
We know Thou art present
Everywhere —
In the very remotest place,
Thou art there.

Wherever we go
Thou surroundest us still,
For truly Thou dost
Immensity fill.

Thou seest us when
We think we may hide —
O then Thou art near us,
Close to our side !

God's presence is seen
On the troublous sea ;
He rides forth in
Terrible majesty.
O who can His
Power understand
As seen in grandeur
On sea and land ?

If I seek to hide me
In darkness of night,
Thy presence is ever
Ineffaceable light.
The darkness and light
Are alike to the Lord —
Wherever thou art,
He knows thine abode.

The finite, with mystery,
Is ever enshrouded ;
The works of God
Are uncomprehended.
If we do not perceive Thee,
Still Thou art near ;
The words that we speak
Will reach Thine ear.

My path may be compassed ;
I cannot flee ;
Forever Thy presence
Surroundest me.
Such knowledge is wonderful,
But all in vain —
I cannot unfold it,
I cannot attain.

If I go up to Heaven,
Sure Thou art there,
If I go down to Hell —
Behold, Thou art there !
If I dwell in the uttermost
Parts of the sea,
I cannot hide me
From Infinity.

If suddenly I make
A speedy flight,
Swift as the dawn
Of the morning light,
To dwell in the uttermost
Parts of the sea —
Even there, Thy hand
Is still holding me.

Thy blessings in number
More than the sand,
Too infinite
To understand ;

Search me, O God,
And know my way,
And lead me on
To endless day.

Union.

UNITED to our Lord,
A precious bond of love
A happy foretaste here,
And like to that above.

Cemented with His blood,
Bought with a price so dear,
A union with our Lord,
A sacred bond sincere.

Amid the world's dread strife,
Our souls be hid in God,
Close sheltered by His side,
And washed in Jesus' blood.

O bind my heart in stronger ties
Each day and hour to prove,
Thy constant and unwearied care,
Thy faithful, changeless love.

O bliss of Heaven, O joys so sweet,
My soul would ever sing
Of all the wonders of Thy grace,
Who did salvation bring.

God's faithful, undiminished care
Will ever true abide,
While we shall faithful prove
And never turn aside.

The Love of Christ.

JESUS the Lamb of God ;
He shed His precious blood ;
He left the realms above ;
Earth ne'er has seen such love.

Let earth her homage bring ;
In loudest strains to sing ;
And falling at His feet,
His matchless love repeat.

His hand did ope blind eyes,
His magic touch did heal,
Through all life's wearied way
Did wondrous love reveal.

His love was ne'er denied
When suffering met His eye ;
His eye beheld our race
In helpless pity lie.

Upon the mountain cold,
He spent the night in prayer ;
He had a wicked world
Upon His heart to bear.

Then come, dear sinner, come
And seek His injured face ;
Come to His loving heart,
And feel His warm embrace.

Jesus Stills the Tempest.

LUKE VIII—24.

WHEN Jesus spoke the sea was calm,
Hushed into peace, was still,
And all the angry elements
At once obeyed His will.

The Son of God, when on the earth,
Had pity for mankind,
He healed the sick, the lame to walk,
And sight gave to the blind.

So Jesus, with His pitying love,
Beheld our ruined race —
Came to our earth, gave up His life,
And took the sinner's place.

So all that would desire to come
To Christ and be forgiven,
He all the angry passions stills
And makes them heirs of Heaven.

Sinners with their guilt are dead
In trespasses and sin ;
But Jesus came, new life to give
And make them heirs of Heaven.

No love was like the Son of God
That brought Him here to die
For guilty sinners, doomed to death,
In helpless pity lie.

Such wondrous power and goodness
By man was ne'er displayed ;
Truly this was the Son of God,
Such boundless love portrayed.

God's Law the Soul's Delight.

PSALMS CXIX.

GOD'S precepts are the soul's delight
That honors Him and walks upright.

With my whole heart have I sought Thee,
O hide Thou not Thy face from me !

Thy word is hid within my heart —
Keep me from every fiery dart.

O may I all Thy truth revere.
And love Thee with a filial fear.

Thou art my hiding-place, my shield —
To any wrong may I not yield.

I am a companion of them all,
Who daily love on God to call.

Thou art my portion, O my God !
Help me to love Thy holy word.

Let thy tender mercies come to me,
Nor let me e'er depart from Thee.

Thy word's a lamp unto my feet ;
Learn me ever to walk discreet.

Deal with Thy servant bountifully,
Nor let me ever turn to folly.

Thy precious word is very pure —
From it may nothing me allure.

I have longed for Thy salvation ;
May I have in Thee a habitation.

On the Death of a Pastor.

HE came to us when but a few —
A man of God, faithful and true —
And with our weak and feeble band
He labored with us hand in hand.

He chose in life, service for God,
To tread the path His Savior trod ;
And he, like others gone before,
Has had life's crosses to endure.

If in our lives we seek to win
The wicked from the ways of sin,
A self-denying work will be
Crowned with a blessed victory.

How blest are they whose work is done —
Life's battles fought and victory won ;
And they, with others gone before,
Are safe on Canaan's happy shore.

Delightful thought ; the weary rest,
No anxious thought disturbs the heart ;
And those who die in Christ, the Lord,
Receive at last a ble's'd reward.

A life well spent, how sweet the rest
When hands are folded on the breast —
The body left in sweet repose,
And safe from wintry blast that blows.

If faithfully our work is done,
At last the Lord will say : " Well done !
Come to the rest for you prepared,
And share in heaven a rich reward."

The weary years of life are past,
And he is gathered to his rest,
Amid the sleeping millions laid
To rest beneath the mid-night shade.

Where rest the weary workers
From toil and care and pain —
Of honest, loving toilers,
Who have not sought for gain ?

O earth, the many millions
Which thou dost hold in trust,
On that eventful morning
Give back their sleeping dust.

I May Not Know.

I MAY not know the surety
my love to Thee ;
But if Thou chide,
The secret of the great mystery
Is if I abide.

I may not see the hand
That is leading me,
Nor feel its embrace ;
But when the secret is unfolded,
I shall know Thy face.

A Gift.

[A Bible in which was inserted these lines and was very dearly prized was lost when our Country was in arms against slavery.]

A GIFT from a sister,
A token of love ;
'Twas a gift from our
Heavenly Father above.
May you my dear brother,
Through faith in the Lord,
Be made wise to salvation
By reading His word.

Titles of Jesus.

JOHN xiv : 1 — JESUS, THE TRUTH.

JESUS the way, the truth, the life ;
O may its power the soul uplift !
'T will stand amid the world's decay,
And never, never pass away.

JOHN viii : 12 — JESUS, THE LIGHT.

O Light divine, this world illumine,
Thy radiance dissipate the gloom
That casts a gloom of darkest night —
With dark'ning shadows shuts the Light.

But in Thy bright effulgence shine
With healing beams of love divine —
Fill the whole world with brightest light,
And with the dawning chase the night.

1 TIMOTHY i : 1 — JESUS, OUR HOPE.

Jesus, our hope, in Thee we find
The great deliverer of mankind.
The soul immortal shall have
This hope — will reach beyond the grave.

REV. xxii : 16 — JESUS, THE MORNING STAR.

Jesus, the bright and morning star
That breaks the darkness from afar,
And shines o'er this dark world to light
The gloomy pall of sin's dark night.

How beautiful the morning light,
When lost amid the darkened night ;
The traveler will hail the dawn
That ushers in the coming morn.

MAL iv. : 2 — JESUS, THE SUN.

Thou Son of Righteousness, arise
And fill the world with glad surprise ;
Shine on till all the world shall know
It is from God all blessings flow.

I COR. iii : 11 — CHRIST, OUR FOUNDATION.

Christ is our sure foundation-stone
Which we may build our hopes upon —
Secure to feel at last no shock,
Because we're founded on the rock.

ISA. xxxii : 2 — A HIDING-PLACE.

Jesus, my sure and safe retreat,
A hiding-place in Thee complete ;
My rock and fortress He will be,
My anchor on life's stormy sea.

HEBREWS iii : 1 — CHRIST, OUR HIGH PRIEST.

On Christ our sin and guilt were laid,
And full atonement He has made ;
Our great High Priest has entered in,
And made a sacrifice for sin.

I JOHN ii : 1 — CHRIST, OUR ADVOCATE.

Our Advocate to intercede
His all-atoning blood to plead ;

God's only Son, who came to save
All those who on Him should believe.

JOHN xiv : 6 — JESUS, THE WAY.

Jesus, the new and living way ;
All other paths will lead astray ;
God's word a lamp to guide our feet
At last to victory complete.

MAT. II : 19 — FRIEND OF SINNERS.

Friend of sinners, Jesus died
Upon the cross, was crucified
In love and pity for our race —
He took the vilest sinner's place.

JOHN xv : 1 — JESUS, THE VINE.

Jesus, the vine, Himself declares,
And clusters of rich fruit compares,
Those who with branches spreading wide,
And closely in the vine abide.

JOHN i : 29 — JESUS, THE LAMB OF GOD.

Jesus, the Holy Lamb of God,
Bore all our sins, a heavy load ;
In lamb-like patience, Christ the Lord,
Upon the cross He shed His blood.

LUKE xix : 38 — CHRIST KING.

Thy peaceful kingdom shall maintain
O'er all the earth its right to reign,
A blessed universal sway —
All other kingdoms pass away.

ISA. ix : 6 — PRINCE OF PEACE.

Prince of Peace ! this name He bears.
His advent to the world declares ;
His mission to the world to prove,
He brought salvation, peace and love.

ISA. xxviii : 16 — CHRIST, OUR CORNER-STONE.

Both Jew and Gentile, all in one,
Are built upon this corner-stone ;
Types and shadows all shall cease —
This glorious Christ shall still increase.

JOHN x : 7 — CHRIST, THE DOOR.

Christ Jesus, the only door —
No other entrance will secure ;
To us a heavenly mansion, which
Our Lord has told us He'd prepare.

On the Death of a Christian.

LIFE'S brief day, so quickly gone,
And dearest friends are left to mourn
That one so good, and kind and true,
So soon to earth has bid adieu.

But half thy worth in life was known,
So quiet all thy task was borne ;
But a fixed purpose in thy heart
In all good work to share a part.

The Lord knew best, and chose the time
When life was in its strength and prime ;
And when the mission here was done,
The voice from Heaven was : " Child come
home."

Come where the many mansions be
Prepared of God for such as she,
And with the blood-washed, heavenly throng,
Unite to sing redemption song.

We miss thee in our circle here,
Whose presence always brought good cheer
With loving heart and ready hand,
To meet at once all just demands.

So many ties to bind her here
To friends she loved most near and dear ;
But with life receding from her sight,
She calmly said : " It is all right."

Farewell, dear friend, until we meet
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
Where friendship's severed links unite,
And Faith and Hope are changed to sight.

The Suffering Christian.

THE oft repeated sigh anon,
As day succeeds each setting sun,
And only for a moment brief
Can sighing give the soul relief.

Perchance, may be the falling tear,
A moan when no one else can hear,
And to the long-expecting sight
There comes no dawn of vision bright.

Some kind hand, with tender touch,
May soothe the brow, may smooth the couch,
And kindness done at Love's behest
Sweetens our sorrow, gives us rest.

For weary days, perhaps for years,
No cheering hope gives place to fears ;
No radiance from the darkened night
Gives promise sure of morning bright.

But radiant as the starry night
Come visions to the soul's delight,
Of peace who trust the Christ of God,
Though suffering still affliction's rod.

Christ knows the oft-repeated sigh,
He's present when none else is nigh.
O tell Him every grief and fear —
In sympathy He lists to hear.

The oft-repeated sigh may be
Expressed in sweetest melody ;
His Providence He makes to bless
Our lives with mercies numberless.

He knows our sighs, He knows our tears,
He knows our griefs, He knows our fears ;
And though affliction's night be long
There are sweetest hopes of coming morn.

The falling tear He knows full well,
Each grief which does the bosom swell ;
Jesus, the suffering Savior, knows
The height and depth of all our woes.

Then let us trust Him, fear no ill —
His sympathy is with us still ;
And when life's sufferings here are done,
A blessed victory will be won.

O dawn of rest beyond the tomb,
Bright Easter morn dispels the gloom ;
The night of Sin's dark victory
Breaks forth in immortality.

O dawn of rest ! O bright to-morrow !
Wake from this sombre night of sorrow :
And heavenly anthems rapt the soul,
While heaven's eternal ages roll.

Autumn.

HOW beautiful is earth's array !
In what magnificent display
Of colors, exquisitely tinted,
And everywhere such beauty blended.

The maple, with its golden hue
So beautiful, stands out to view ;
The oak, in beauty, too, transcends
So many of its forest friends.

We cast our eye, and, with a glance
Around horizon's vast expanse,
Lessons of wisdom we may draw
Of nature, God and nature's law.

The cold night air, with frosty breath,
And nature feels the touch of death ;
So Autumn, with her beauteous dress
Is only transient loveliness.

Bright Autumn leaves soon droop and die ;
And, withered, on the ground they lie —
Fit emblems of Life's fleeting day,
Whose passing hours make no delay.

One by one, they drop, they fall,
And nestle close beside the wall ;
So quiet, on the ground they lie
Till Autumn winds come sweeping by.

The trees stand out so drear and bare,
And bleak winds sighing : “ Where, O where ?
Is nature in her loveliness,
Her Summer garb and Autumn dress ? ”

Spring.

MARK the herald from the wood !
The bluebird's notes are understood —
Awakening thought cold Winter's reign —
Aye, bursting off its icy chain.

From top-most boughs, we hear them sing
Sweet welcome to the coming Spring —
Across the field, and down the lane,
Echoing back the sweet refrain.

Ice and frost, warmed by the sun,
Then sparkling rills begin to run
As down the hills, in laughing glee,
Joyous in their liberty.

The rivulet, so quiet, glides
In murmuring sounds at even-tide ;
Soon swollen brooklet's winding way
Will vivify the meadows gray.

Robin comes from fairer clime,
And adds its note to swell the chime —
So musical and full of cheer,
Betokening that Spring is here.

These triple voices all agree
In blending notes of symphony,
Uniting chorus with the song —
The nights grow short, and days grow long.

Home Missions.

○ OUR country's vast and broad domain,
With mountain, valley, hill and plain,
Stands nobly free
Among the nations of the earth ;
'Twas love of freedom gave it birth,
A noble destiny.

Our sires, with faith and trust in God,
Sought shelter from oppression's rod
For conscience's sake,
Unknown they sought a foreign shore
Where they might find an open door,
A home to make.

Our thickly dotted country homes,
Churches with their noble domes
And towering spires,
With institutions broad and free,
A monument shall ever be
To Freedom sires.

God of the nations, by whose power
Alone we've stood each trying hour ;
When foes assailed,
And dark clouds have ever spread
Amid our country's greatest need,
The right prevailed.

If we forget our history past,
And think because our nation's vast,
That we are strong,
The nation's God He will not be,
An angry God we soon shall see,
Our strength is gone.

Resources vast with wealth untold,
Mines of silver, mines of gold,
With room for all ;

Resources and room for every one,
Who comes to make this land their home,
Both great and small.

But we must lend a helping hand
And help to save our native land
From threat'ning woes ;
And give to it the Word of Life,
With which to heal a nation's strife
With dangerous foes.

As Christians we should day by day
Something do as well as pray
"Thy kingdom come."
Give of our wealth and ample store,
Far off to send the tidings, o'er
To every home.

That Jesus died for every one,
The Negro, Indian, Chinaman,
Whatever name ;
And that each soul the Lord will bless
Who seeks his grace and righteousness
O'er earth's domain.

America, long may she stand
Among the nations of the land
A beacon light,
With clearest lustre seen afar,
A radiant bright and morning star
From out the night.

Of superstition's dreaded sway,
Her deeds have stood in dark array
 A midnight hour.
But may the Gospel Prince of Peace
Give to the nations glad release
 From tyrant's power.

May we who love our native land,
In firmness make a noble stand,
 Our land to save.
In truth and righteousness may we
A Christian nation truly be,
 A boon to crave.

Christian men and women too,
God has a work for us to do,
 Both far and near ;
To send His messages of love,
Which He has sent us from above,
 That may we hear.

Then let us haste with one accord,
To spread abroad His Holy word
 Of light and love ;
And tell how Jesus died to save,
And rose victorious o'er the grave,
 Now reigns above.

Gospel truth will win the day,
If Christians do as well as pray,
 The morn is breaking ;
Truth is mighty and will prevail,
While false foundations all must fail ;
 The day is hastening.



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